Numb. 270.

THE Pennſylvania GAZETTE.

Containing the freſheſt Advices Foreign and Domeſtick.

From January 30. to February 7. 1733, 4.

by the Revd Samll Wesley

The COBLER.
A TALE.

For the Benefit of the Hipſhy Cripſhy.

YOUR ſage and moraliſt can ſhow
Many misfortunes here below;
A truth which no one ever miſs'd,
Tho' neither ſage nor moraliſt:
Yet all the troubles notwithſtanding,
Which fate or fortune has a hand in,
Fools to themſelves will more create,
In ſpite of fortune and of fate.
Thus oft are dreaming wretches ſeen,
Tortur'd with vapours and the ſpleen;
Transform'd (at leaſt in their own eyes)
To glaſs, or china, or gooſe-pies.
Others will to themſelves appear
Stone-dead, as Will the conqueror;
And all the world in vain might ſtrive
To face them down that they're alive.
Unlucky males with child will groan,
And ſorely dread their lying down;
As fearing, that to eaſe their pain,
May puzzle doctor Chamberlain.
Imaginary evils flow,
Merely from want of real woe;
And when prevailing whimſies riſe,
As monſtrous wild abſurdities
Are, ev'r hour, and ev'ryy minute
Found without Bedlam, as within it.
Which if you further would have ſhown
And leiſure have to read--read on.
There liv'd a gentleman poſſeſt
Of all that mortals reckon beſt;
A ſeat well-choſe in wholeſome air,
With gardens and with proſpects fair:
His land from debt and jointure free;
His mony, never in ſouth-ſea;
His health of body firm and good,
Tho' paſt the hey-day in his blood;
His conſort, fair and good, and kind;
His children riſing to his mind:
His friends ingenious and ſincere;
His honour, nay his conſcience clear:
He wanted nought of human bliſs,
But pow'r to taſte his happineſs.
Too near alas! this great man's hall
A merry cobler had a ſtall;
An arch old wag as e'er you knew,
With breeches red, and jerkin blue:
Chearful at working, as at play,
He ſung and whiſtled life away:
When riſing morning glads the sky,
Clear as the merry lark and high;
When ev'ning ſhades the landskip veil,
Late ſinging as the nightingale.
Tho' pence came ſlow, and trade was ill
Yet ſtill he ſung and whiſtled ſtill;
Tho' patch'd his garb, & coarſe his fare
He laugh'd, and caſt away old care,
The rich man view'd, with diſcontent,
His ratter'd neighbour's merriment;
With envy grudg'd, and pin'd to ſee
A beggar pleaſanter than he:
And, by degrees to hate began
Th' intolerable happy man;
Who haunted him like any ſprite,
From morn to eve, by day and night.
It chanc'd as once in bed he lay,
When dreams are true, at break of day,
He heard the cobler at his ſport,
Amidſt his muſic ſtopping ſhort:
Whether his morning's draught he took
Or warming whiff of wonted ſmoke:
The ſquire ſuſpected, (being ſhrewd)
This ſilence boded him no good,
And 'cauſe he nothing ſaw nor heard;
A machiavilian plot he fear'd.
Strait circumſtances crowded plain
To vex and plague his jealous brain;
Trembling in panic dread he lies,
With gaping mouth and ſtaring eyes;
And ſtraining wiſtful both his ears,
He ſoon perſuades himſelf he hears
One skip and caper up the ſtairs;
Sees the door open quick, and knew
His dreaded foe in red and blue,
Who with a running jump, he thought
Leap'd plumb directly down his throat;
Laden with tackle of his ſtall,
Laſt, ends, and hammer, ſtrap and awl:
No ſooner down, than with a jerk
He fell to muſick, and to work.
If much he griev'd our Don before,
When but o' th' outſide of his door;
How ſorely muſt he now moleſt,
When got o' th' inſide of his breaſt!
The waking dreamer groans and ſwells
And pangs imaginary feels;
Catches and ſcraps of tunes he hears
For ever ringing in his ears;
Ill-favour'd ſmells his noſe diſpleaſe,
Mundungus ſtrong, and rotten cheeſe:
He feels him, when he draws his breath,
Or tug the leather with his teeth,
Or beat the ſole, or elſe extend
His arms to th' utmoſt of his end,
Enough to crack, when ſtretch'd ſo wide
The ribs of any mortal ſide.
Is there no method, then, to fly
This vile inteſtine enemy?
What can be done, in this condition,
But ſending inſtant for phyſician?
The doctor having heard the caſe,
Burſt into laughter, in his face:
Told him, he needs no more than riſe,
Open his windows, and his eyes:
Whiſtling and ſtitching there to ſee
The cobler, as he us'd to be.
Sir, quoth the patient, your pretences
Shall ne'er perſuade me from my ſenſes:
How ſhall I riſe, the heavy brute
Will hardly let me wag a foot:
Tho' ſeeing for belief may go,
Yet feeling is the truth, you know:
I feel him in my ſides, I tell ye:
Had you a cobler in your belly,
You ſcarce would ſneer as now you do;
I doubt your guts would grumble too.
Still do you laugh? I tell you, ſir,
I'd kick you ſoundly, could I ſtir,
Thou quack, that never hadſt degree
In either univerſity: (ledge
Thou meer licentiate, without know-
The ſhame and ſcandal of the college.
I'll call my ſervants if you ſtay;
So, doctor, ſcamper while you may.
One thus diſpatch'd, a ſecond came,
Of equal skill and greater fame;
Who ſwore him mad as a March hare.
(For doctors, when provok'd will ſwear.)
To drive ſuch whimſies from his pate,
He dragg'd him to the Window ſtrait,
But jilting fortune can deviſe,
To baffle and outwit the wiſe:
The cobler, ere expos'd to view,
Had juſt pull'd of his jerkin blue; (hurt
Not dreaming 'twould his neighbour
To ſit in freſco in his ſhirt.
Ah! quoth the patient, with a ſigh,
You know him not ſo well as I;
The man who down my throat is run,
Has got a true-blue jerkin on.
In vain the doctor rav'd and tore,
Argu'd and fretted, ſtamp'd and ſwore;
T'old him he might believe as well,
The giant of Pantagruel
Did oft, as break his faſt or ſup, (up;
For poach'd eggs ſwallow windmills
Or that the Holland dame could bear
A child, for ev'ry day i' th' year.
The vapour'd dotard, grave and ſly,
Miſtook for truth each rapping lye;
And drew concluſions ſuch as theſe,
Reſiſtleſs, from the premiſſes.
I hope, my friends, you'll grant me all,
A windmill's bigger than a ſtall:
And ſince the lady brought alive
Children, three hundred ſixty five;
Why ſhould you think there is not room
For one poor cobler in my womb?
Thus every thing his friends could ſay
The more confirm'd in him his way;

Farther

Farther convinc'd, by what they tell,
'Twas certain, 'tho' impoſſible.
Now worſe and worſe his piteous ſtate
Was grown, and almoſt deſperate:
Yet ſtill the utmoſt bent to try,
Without more help he would not die.
An old phyſician ſly and ſhrewd,
With management of face endu'd,
Heard all his tale; and ask'd, with care
How long the cobler had been there?
Noted diſtinctly what was ſaid;
Lift up his eyes, and ſhook his head,
And grave accoſts him on this faſhion,
After mature deliberation,
With ſerious and important face:
Sir, yours is an uncommon caſe:
Tho' I've read Galen's latin o'er,
I never met with it before;
Nor have I found the like diſeaſe
In ſtories of Hippocrates.
Then, after a convenient ſtay,
Sir, if preſcription you'll obey,
My life for yours, I'll ſet you free
From this ſame two-legg'd tympany.
'Tis true, you'r gone beyond the cure
Of fam'd worm-powder of John Moore;
Beſides, if downwards he be ſent,
I fear he'll ſplit your nether vent:
But then your throat, you know, is wide
And ſcarcely clos'd, ſince it was try'd!
The ſame way he got in, 'tis plain
There's room to fetch him out again:
I'll bring the forked worm away,
Without a dyſenteria:
Emeticks ſtrong will do the feat,
If taken quantum ſufficit.
I'll ſee my ſelf the proper doſe,
And then hypnotics to compoſe.
The wretch, tho' lauguiſhing and weak,
Reviv'd already by the Greek,
Cries, what ſo learn'd a man as you
Preſcribes, dear doctor, I ſhall do.
The vomit ſpeedily was got,
The cobler ſent for to the ſpot,
And taught to manage the deceit,
And not his doublet to forget.
But firſt the operator wiſe,
Over the ſight a bandage ties;
For vomits always ſtrain the eyes.
Courage: I'll make you diſembogue,
Spight of his teeth, th' unlucky rogue;
I'll drench the raſcal, never fear,
And bring him up, or drown him there.
Warm water down he makes him pour
'Till his ſtretch'd guts could hold no more;
Which doubly ſwell'd, as you may think
Both with the cobler, and the drink,
What they receiv'd againſt the grain,
Soon paid with int'reſt back again.
Here come his tools! he can't be long,
Without his hammer and his thong.
The cobler humour'd what was ſpoke
And gravely carry'd on the joke;
As he heard nam'd each ſingle matter,
He chuck'd it ſouſe into the water;
And then, not to be ſeen as yet,
Behind the door made his retreat.
The ſick man now takes breath a-while,
Strength to recruit for farther toil.
Unblinded he with joyful eyes,
The tackle floating there eſpies;
Fully convinc'd within his mind,
The cobler could not ſtay behind;
Who to the alehouſe ſtill would go,
Whene'er he wanted work to do:
Nor could he like his preſent place,
He ne'er lov'd water in his days.
At length he takes a ſecond bout,
Enough to turn him inſide out;
With vehemence ſo ſore he ſtrains,
As would have ſplit another's brains.
Ay! here the cobler comes, I ſwear!
(And truth it was, for he was there,)
And, like a rude ill-manner'd clown,
Kick'd, with his foot, the vomit down.
The patient, now grown wond'rous light
Whipp'd off the napkin from his ſight;
Briskly lift up his head, and knew
The breeches and the jerkin's hue:
And ſmil'd to hear him grumbling ſay
As down the ſtairs he run his way,
He'd ne'er ſet foot within his door,
And jump down open throats no more;
No; while he liv'd, he'd ne'er again
Run, like a fox, down the red lane.
Our patient thus, his inmate gone,
Cur'd of the crotchets in his crown,
Joyful his gratitude expreſſes,
With thouſand thanks, and hundred pieces.
And thus, with much of pains and coſt,
Regain'd the health he never loſt.

MORAL.

TAught by long miſeries, we find
Repoſe is ſeated in the mind;
And moſt men ſoon or late have own'd
'Tis there, or no where, to be found.
This real wiſdom timely knows,
Without experience of the woes;
Nor needs inſtructive ſmart, to ſee,
That all on earth is vanity.
Loſs diſappointment, paſſion, ſtrife,
Whate'er torments, or troubles life,
Tho' groundleſs, grievous in its ſtay,
'Twill ſhake our tenements of clay,
When paſt, as nothing we eſteem;
And pain like pleaſure is but dream.

Dublin, Sept. 11. On Friday laſt an unfortunate Gentlewoman in King-ſtreet poiſoned herſelf.

The next Day a young Man who was painting the Outſide of a Houſe in Aungier's-ſtreet fell off the Ladder, and the end of a Bruſh which ſtuck in his Apron-ſtring ran into his Side, of which he died immediately.

London, Sept. 17. Yeſterday Morning a Gentleman was found dead upon Tower Hill, with his Throat cut, and his Body mangled in a barbarous manner; the Scabbard of his Sword was found lying by him, but the Sword it ſelf was taken away.

On Saturday laſt the Grand Jury for the County of Middleſex were diſcharg'd, having examin'd 299 Bills of Indictment, which are more than were ever known at one Seſſions.

Yeſterday died at Clay-hill near Enfield, one Mr. *Truſs*, aged 112 Years. He was a Soldier in *Oliver Cromwell's* Army.

We have the following melancholy Account from *Norfolk* that laſt Week a poor Man was unfortunately kill'd at *Ayeleſham* in that County by the burſting of a Gun, part of which ſtruck into his Bowels: That on Monday laſt another poor Man had one Leg, both his Thighs, and two of his Ribs broke, and one of his Eyes cruſh'd out, by the Caving of a Marle-Pit at Carew-Abbey: And that on Thurſday one *Maſon*, a Journeyman Smith in St. *Giles's* at *Norwich* had his Left Hand tore almoſt off by a Cart Wheel.

Sept. 18. Yeſterday the Coroner's Inqueſt met again by Adjournment at the Roſe and Crown at Hadley in the County of Middleſex, and examin'd ſeveral Witneſſes in relation to the Death of a new born Infant drowned in a Pond near the Green Man at Barnet, and brought in their Verdict, that the ſaid Infant was Wilfully Murder'd by the Mother of it, one *Frances Deaton*, an Iriſhwoman.

On Monday Night laſt Sir *William Chapman*, Bart. was robb'd by a ſingle Highwayman near Bow, of two Guineas and ſome Silver. The Fellow ſcrap'd Acquaintance with Sir *William's* Footman upon the Road, and rode with him for ſome time very ſociably, till coming to a convenient Place, he knocked him off his Horſe and took a Pair of loaded Piſtols from him, one of which he fir'd ſoon after at the Coachman, for not ſtopping at the Word of Command, but did no Miſchief. Sir *William* gave him at firſt only Silver, but the Fellow pleading his Neceſſities in a handſome manner, Sir *William* added a couple of Guineas.

On Monday Night a Woman well dreſs'd, was run over by a Cart upon *London-Bridge* and kill'd on the Spot.

Yeſterday Morning a Man driving a Dray by New-Bond-ſtreet-end in *Oxford* Road, fell down, and before he could recover himſelf, the Dray-Wheel ran over him, and kill'd him on the ſpot.

Paris, Sept. 26. They write from *Grenoble*, that on the 17th of this Month, and the two following Days, they had there

ſo

ſo terrible a Hurricane of Wind, Hail and Rain, that the like has never been ſeen; ſeveral Houſes were thrown down to the Ground by it, the tops of many more carried away, the Trees torn up by the Root and dragg'd a conſiderable Diſtance, whole Granaries of Corn demoliſh'd, Ricks of Hay blown about and ſcatter'd over the Country; and in ſhort, ſuch is the Damage done throughout the whole Province of Dauphine, that it is neither to be expreſs'd or eſtimated.

Lisbon, Sept. 3. A Dutch Man of War is lately entred this Port from the Coaſt of Tetuan and Sallee, where ſhe had been in Campany with two more Men of War of her Republick, and three Britiſh Ships to cruize in thoſe Seas, and interrupt the Navigation of the Rovers. We do not learn that they have made any Prizes, the Infidels keeping cloſe in their Harbours. His Portugueſe Majeſty divides his time between Buſineſs of State and Devotion, uſually viſiting Churches and Convents about three times a Week; but her Majeſty and the reſt of the Royal Family expreſs their Piety by repairing to ſeveral Churches daily. On the Feſtival of St. Clare, Donna Thomaſina de Bourbon, Daughter of Don Lawrenzo de Almeida, late Governor of the Province of Mines, took the Habit in the Convent of that Saint with great Solemnity; all the Nobility being preſent in ſplendid Habits. His Majeſty has been pleaſed to appoint Don Joſeph de Souto to be Governor of the Iſland of St. Thomas, as a Reward for his faithful Services in the Indies.

London, Sept. 22. On Wedneſday Evening laſt was found dead in his Chambers at Gray's-Inn, ------- Cannon, Eſq; formerly a conſiderable Spaniſh Merchant: 'Tis believ'd he died of an Apoplexy; but his Servants were all gone out on their reſpective Buſineſs when the Fit ſeiz'd him, and upon their Return found him lying dead on the Floor. He had complain'd that Morning of a Pain in his Side, but thought it too inconſiderable to make uſe of any Remedy.

Yeſterday a Merchant having ſhewn to ſeveral Gentlemen upon the Exchange ſome Diamonds, &c. of conſiderable Value, was no ſooner got home but he miſs'd one of the moſt valuable of his Jewels; upon which he return'd to the Exchange, and finding the Gates ſhut, he got over into the Area, and after ſome Search diſcover'd it lying upon the Stones, it having dropt out of the Paper at the laſt Place where he had ſhewn it to his Friends.

London, Sept. 25. On Saturday laſt died at the Houſe of his Uncle Thomas Hodges, Eſq; at Richmond, Joſeph Andreiſe Hodges of the Inner-Temple, Eſq; late of Clare-Hall Cambridge; a young Gentleman juſt come to Age and the Poſſeſſion of an Eſtate of 2000 l. per Annum; but the Largeneſs of his Fortune gave him no greater Pleaſure than as it demonſtrated his private Virtues; his Generoſity without Profuſeneſs, his Munificence without Pride, and his Friendſhip without Diſſimulation: To ſay more might ſeem Flattery to them who knew him not, a thing which he himſelf moſt deteſted; But if in Youth, Virtue; in a large Fortune, Moderation; in Friendſhip, Sincerity; have any Title as the moſt amiable Characters in Life to be diſtinguiſh'd to the World, let it be known to a degenerate Age, they were all united in this young Gentleman.

Sept. 27. On Wedneſday the 19th Inſtant his Majeſty's Ship the Blandford, Capt. Geo. Burriſh Commander, ſail'd out of Shields Harbour for Yarmouth, in order to protect the Fiſhery there; and the ſame Day took a Dutch Veſſel ſmuggling off of Eaſington, and carry'd her into Bridlinton-Bay.

Yeſterday Morning about 9 o'Clock, their Majeſties, the Prince, the Duke and the three eldeſt Princeſſes, went from Hampton Court to Fan Grove where a Hind was turn'd out to be hunted, which afforded very good Sport for near four Hours; and after ſeveral times croſſing the River, ran to Stan-well in Middleſex; but it raining very hard, their Majeſties and the reſt of the Royal Family left the Field, and order'd the Hind's Life to be ſpar'd, and return'd about 3 a Clock in the Afternoon to Hampton-Court.

We hear that their Majeſties have accepted of an Invitation to dine with his Grace the Duke of Newcaſtle, at his Seat at Claremont in Surry, To-morrow ſe'nnight, and that great Preparations are making there for their Reception.

On Tueſday Night the high Wind blew down moſt of the Tents upon Hampton-Court-Green; and did great Damage to the Boats on the River of Thames: Two Boats belonging to Gardeners were overſet in Chelſea-Reach whereby a Waterman and his Boy were drowned; and likewiſe a Fiſhing Boat, belonging to one Mr. *Rogers*, coming to Billingſgate with a Quantity of freſh Cod, was overſet below Greenwich, by which Accident himſelf and Servant were drowned.

The two Highwaymen that lately robb'd Sir *William Chapman* and his Son, upon the Bow Road, are taken in *Suffolk*, and committed to St. *Edmund*'s Bury Goal; the Brace of Piſtols which they took from Sir *William*'s Man were found upon them.

Vienna, Sept, 19. The Emperor has diverted himſelf for ſome time paſt with hunting the Hind in the Neighbourhood of the Danube, but went Yeſterday with the whole Court to Halbrun, in order to hunt Hares, which are at that Place in very great Abundance. On the 11th at Midnight an Expreſs arriv'd at Prince Eugene's with Diſpatches from the Palatinate of ſuch Importance, that his Highneſs was call'd out of Bed to peruſe them: We expected to be let into the Contents the next Day by the Conſequences, but we cannot learn that any Reſolution has been taken in purſuance of them. Prince Eugene's Baggage, as likewiſe that of Marſhal Count Merci, are pack'd up and are ready

ready for a Journey; but when or where they will be ſent is a Secret. The Seaſon is as favourable to our Vines as we can wiſh. The Vintage will begin the 26th Inſt. on the Plains and two Days after upon the higher Grounds.

Hamburgh, Sept. 25. They write from Hanover, that the Regency of that Electorate are intirely taken up with the Buſineſs of Mecklemburg; and as it is manifeſt, that the Peaſants of that Dutchy will not be reduc'd to Reaſon by the Force of any Arguments but thoſe from the Mouths of great Guns, a Train of Artillery is ſending thither, as likewiſe ſeveral Regiments of Horſe and Foot. Thoſe Boors, ſupported by a Party of 200 regular Troops, attack'd Lieut. Col. Sommerlag at Neuſtadt, where he was poſted at the Head of 160 Men; but the Colonel forming a Rampart of his Ammunition Wagons, receiv'd them in ſo warm a manner, that they were glad after a ſhort time to retire, having kill'd 29 private Men, and and two Officers wounded, and 20 took Priſoners. We hear from *Warſaw*, that the Lithuanian Faction encreaſes daily, and that the Moment that Party got Sanctuary among the *Ruſſians*, they declar'd in favour of the Elector of *Saxony*. 'Tis ſaid that their Intention is to unite the Dutchies of *Lithuania* and *Courland*, under the Protection of *Ruſſia*, to be govern'd however by a King or principal Magiſtrate of their own Electing.

London, October 3. We are aſſur'd that his Highneſs the Prince of *Orange* is expected at *Hampton-Court* about Saturday ſe'nnight, and that great Preparations are making there for celebrating his Marriage with the Princeſs Royal on the 22d Inſt. her Royal Highneſs's Birth-Day.

A new Damask Bed was Yeſterday put up in his Grace the Duke of *Devonſhire*'s Apartment at *Hampton-Court*, for the Princeſs Amelia, her Royal Highneſs's former Apartment having been laid to that of the Princeſs Royal, and both magnificently furniſh'd for the Reception of her Royal Highneſs and her future Conſort the Prince of *Orange*.

On Sunday laſt his Grace the Duke of *Richmond*, went into waiting at *Hampton-Court* as one of the Lords of the Bedchamber to his Majeſty; as did his Dutcheſs in the ſame Quality to the Queen. Their Graces intend to accompany the Princeſs Royal to *Holland*, in order to pay a Viſit to the Right Hon. the Counteſs of *Cadogan*.

Philadelphia, February 7.

Sunday Morning laſt died Madam *Palmer*, a Weſt India Gentlewoman, who has reſided here ſome Years. She was decently interred on Monday.

Laſt Week a Woman near Horſham, croſſing a Run upon a Log, and leading her Horſe through by the Bridle, he pulled her in; and it being a dark rainy Evening, her Child which ſhe had in her Arms was drowned before it could be found.

'Tis aſſur'd from Whiteclay Creek, in Newcaſtle-County, that a Woman there who has not had a Child theſe fifteen Years, taking lately a young Child (one of her Husband's Relations) to nurſe and bring up by hand, and putting it frequently to the Breaſt in play, has, to her great Surpriſe, thereby brought Milk into her Breaſts, plentifully ſufficient for its Nouriſhment.

Yeſterday arrived Capt. Glentworth and Capt. Walmeſly from the Weſt Indies.

Advertiſements.

The SOCIETY of ANCIENT BRITONS

IN Philadelphia, eſtabliſhed in Honour of Her Majeſty Queen *CAROLINE*'s Birth-Day and the Principality of WALES, will meet on *Friday* the Firſt of *March* enſuing, being St. *DAVID*'s Day, at *Owen Owen*'s, the Sign of the *Indian King* in Market-ſtreet, and from thence proceed to Church. Tickets for the Feaſt will be ready to be delivered out next *Monday* at the Place aforeſaid, *Price Five Shillings.*

A SERVANT Lad's Time for near Five years to be diſpoſed of, on Reaſonable Terms. He is by Trade a Taylor, and can work very well. Enquire of the Printer hereof.

To be Sold

BY *John Parſons*, a very good new brick Houſe well finiſh'd, thirty foot Front, two Story high, beſides a very large Cellar, and Garret, a good new Brick Kitchen, Stable, and a large Garden. Whoever inclines to purchaſe the ſame, may apply themſelves the aforeſaid *John Parſons* and know further.

N. B. The aforeſaid Houſe ſtands very commodiouſly in the Market-ſtreet in the Town of *Burlington* in New-Jerſey, very convenient for any Publick Buſineſs.

Prov. of Pennſilvania, *ſſ.* WHEREAS by publick Notice given early laſt Spring, all Perſons within the ſaid Province that were indebted to the Hon. the Proprietaries, were required to pay the ſame; for which Purpoſe certain Days were appointed in the month of *March*, and Attendance duly given by the Receiver-General: But notwithſtanding, the Perſons concerned have neglected to come in and pay off the ſame. Theſe are therefore to give further Notice, that the ſaid Rec. General has appointed to attend at his Houſe in *Philadelphia*, from the Date hereof, until the laſt Day of the Month called *February* next enſuing; within which Time all Perſons concern'd as aforeſaid, are required to make Payment accordingly; otherwiſe they will be proceeded againſt as the Law directs.

Philadelphia, the 12th of *Decem.* 1733.

ALL Perſons indebted to the Eſtate of Thomas Byles, *late of the City of* Philadelphia, *deceas'd, are hereby notified to come and pay their reſpective Debts to* Samuel Byles, *Adminiſtrator to the ſaid Eſtate, or to* Evan Morgan, *in Market-ſtreet, who is Truſtee and Attorney for the ſaid* Samuel Byles. *And all Perſons who have any juſt Demands on the ſaid Eſtate, are deſired to bring in their Accounts to the ſaid Administrator, or* Evan Morgan *aforeſaid, in order to have them adjuſted and ſatisfied.* Jan. 7. 1733.

JOHN FROST, Staymaker, late Servant to Evan Morgan, now liveth in Second-ſtreet, *over againſt Doctor* Hooper's, *in Copartnerſhip with* Thomas Carter, *where all ſorts of* Stays *and* Coats *are made after the beſt manner.*

A BOY about four Years of Age to be *bound out till he is Twenty one; and a likely young Woman's Time to be diſpoſed of, for between two and three years, by* Thomas Parry, *and* Iſaac Williams, *Overſeers of the Poor for the City of* Philadelphia.

To be SOLD

THREE Hundred Acres of Land in Haverford *Township*, Cheſter *County*, 60 *Acres cleared, good Meadowing, a Houſe and New Barn, and good Orchard Enquire of* Rice Price, *of* Merion, *and know further.*

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